

SHOULD I CALL?

Sitting on the edge of my chair...should I call?...do I dare?...What would be the end?...Will I bend?...Will I wait out until the end?...When the night makes me laugh at the choice of circumstance...When I am here and you are there...and a call could take me there...and put my mind in the easy chair...where my words are loving yours...and my eyes see only you...and all I do...and all I do is..."should I call?" "should I call?"

D. Newman

MOONLIGHT ON THE WATER

Alone in the tranquil midnight hour...I climb the steps of the old watchtower...and look below to the running stream...my thought creates as in a dream...The visions that below me melt...my heart and soul so deeply felt...that time and space who's atmosphere...enchanted me and made it clear...that moonshine on a darker night...could never show me so much light...that now I sink into the depths...of moonlight on the water...

D. Newman
Dec. 3, 1973

Two Worlds Joined

As I sit here and write I hear nothing and I feel nothing. I want only to exist as myself, alone. I find in peace I owe nothing: I am what I conjure myself up to be in my thoughts. To me I am special only to the silence and space inside this room; apart of space just as the desk, chair and bed. I can conceivably close my eyes and scream or laugh beyond sound.

I can sit here for hours and rationalize my existence but cannot seem to determine it's worth when placed on the universal drawing board. To myself I have become an important being but in the eyes of you (the people) past, present and future. I am a part of a generation, born, growing and destined to die within a time period; within "X" - number of years I will stop.

Time seems to determine just what I will do with my life and what you will do with it for me.

I've got time they say
To go come and be
I've got time they say
To laugh, cry and be
I've got time they say
To live die and be
But what of it!
What is time?
Time belongs to all

I know to many it is difficult to

realize his or her existence in terms of mind and soul. I know I exist but I'm beginning to doubt if I realize how important your existence is to me. I realize the essence of my total livelihood depends on how close I can get to the meaning of life which includes not only my life but your life in relation to mine. I believe that everything happening around me is a part of me and if these things cease to be, I would cease to be.

It is frightening to think of the possibility that I may reach a point in my life to find I have never really lived. The total feeling is based on my feeling for you as a human race. The question becomes whether I see myself living in a world made of individuals or whether I see myself living in a world that makes individuals out of us. It has been said that the hardest thing you will ever have to do in our lifetime is to be you. How well I can balance myself on the world scales will determine if I have really lived.

I have come to the conclusion that I thrive on people for my livelihood not only for material survival but for peace of mind and happiness.

I am what I conjure myself up to be in my thoughts but in not only my world but in "the world".

Shadows,
Hiding all there is to know,
All the feelings deep inside -
Love, remorse, pain, pleasure.
Like a dream never to come true
Your story shines,
Effervescent in the shaded light.
To be yourself, reality,
Serenity,
Singing words of hope to me,
Shaded hope of days gone past.
Sadness looms
In my domain.
The happiness of your smile
Seeping through my soul,
My mind...
Perplexed into wonderful
Imaginations.
Images, moving across
The memory of yesterday.
To leave you dear
Is like forgetting tomorrow.
Forgive me my love
But to remember
Is like breaking the dam
Of to-day.
Rushing past me,
Swiftly swirling white whipped water,
Thrashing my existence
Into shredded thoughts;
Leaving only a trail
Of tear stained memories
Cast up upon the shore;
Pushed about by tidal waters
Floating aimlessly down the river,
To be swallowed up by
The sea of your love.

By Paul Sayre

DARKNESS DARKNESS

By Johann Keepe

Unawareness. For a minute nothing was felt except numbness. And then hell was brought upon me. Beside me, in all of its macabre ugliness lay a grotesque form. For a stricken few seconds I thought it to be my own but when the last traces of shock had been absorbed I realized the morbid truth. I alone had survived.

And then came the screams. And the jolting, gripping pain. My mind, unable to break free, writhed like a coiled serpent as the red hot daggers slashed at my temples, inside and out until mercifully, a great sea of churning blackness engulfed me.

I faded into the unknown depths of my mind. Depths that I had never experienced before. I knew that the end was rushing towards me yet I could not fight it. The sensation of falling became real and as I made my swan-dive from the heavens, I had reached the walls of infinity yet I could not break through. Instead I was being pulled backwards, returned to life, cheated out of death.

Infinites later came the sirens and then the dull drones of authority. "Here's another one. Get some oxygen. Forget about that one." I listened in quiet semi-awareness. I seemed to be at my own funeral, waiting for the final moment of rest. Interruption. The tugging of twisted metal, the smell of dripping oil, the muted voices growing louder, the squelching of someone's walkie-talkie...the rain. And then light. Freed from incarceration.

I lie awake in a hospital bed now. It has been many weeks since the accident and I am very tired. Tired of the tubes, the stillness, the institutional paleness of colour, the endless boredom and the fear.

THOUGHTS

And I still remember those long nights
When I cried for more painkillers,
But the nurse said I'd have to wait.

Sweat running off my forehead
But there's goosebumps on my arms,
Trying to make my legs move
But they won't go anywhere.

Finally, after what seemed
More like four days than four hours
I felt that warm rush of relief
Pushing the sharp pain away,
As I drift into a couple more hours of restless sleep.

Bob Coakley